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THE NEGLECTED ART OF TRANSLATION.

These closing years of the nineteenth century have made us more cosmopolitan, in many respects, than we ever were before. The world has shrunk for us in several ways; as a mere matter of geography, the greater part of it is within easy reach; politically and socially, the sense of human solidarity is growing all the time; and in intellectual affairs it is safe to say that no voice having a real message to deliver is likely to wait long for appreciative listeners. Neglected genius seems to have become a thing of the past, and we now suffer instead from a tendency to exalt with undue precipitancy to the ranks of genius every questionable and imperfectly-realized talent that appears upon the intellectual horizon. In literature, particularly, we are alert as never before to catch the new note, to seize upon and exploit the new thing. Let a poet, or novelist, or essayist but raise his head in any corner of civilization, and, if his message be not purely provincial in its application, he will soon find himself translated into the tongues of the aliens, and his thoughts will find lodgment upon their lips. Nay, if the message be but a provincial one after all, it is not unlikely to incur the same fate, such has become our curiosity concerning all our fellowmen, such our insatiable demand for the new type and the local coloring.

This linking together of the literatures by translation is particularly noticeable among the peoples using the German, English, and French languages, and, as an intellectual tendency, has followed the order just named. Germany was the leader in the movement, and throughout most of the century, has been seizing with omnivorous appetite upon whatever was most notable in the literary product of other countries. Not only has she assimilated the productions of such peoples as the Hungarians, the Scandinavians, and the Slavs — peoples closely associated with her either politically or ethnically—but also those of the English and French, the Italian and Spanish. The works of Jokai, Œhlenschläger, and Pushkin first found a large foreign audience among the Teutons; Dante, Calderon, and Voltaire early

became theirs by right of conquest, and the Shakespearian permeation of German literature is so familiar a fact as hardly to need mention. The English people, on either side of the Atlantic, have followed the Germans, although at a distance, in thus welcoming the foreigner to their hearth, and we all know the good work of Carlyle and Coleridge, in the English case, and of the Concord group of plain livers and high thinkers, in our own. France, maintaining longer than Germany or England her self-sufficient attitude, has more recently fallen into line, and the most desperate efforts of chauvinism have failed to protect her frontiers from the invasion of the alien writer. Indeed, the proposition that new converts are the most zealous of all, is well illustrated by the eager enthusiasm with which the Frenchman is nowadays taking up the foreigner and his works. The distinction is very marked for example, between the polite curiosity with which Ampère explored Scandinavian literature for the information of Frenchmen half a century ago, and the genuine interest which is taken by Frenchmen of to-day in the works of the great Norwegians.

In our own country, while cordial recognition of the established names of foreign literature has not been lacking since mid-century, we have, until very recently, been slow to seize upon the work of new writers. Tourguénieff, for example, had long been naturalized in France and Germany before he was discovered by America. Dr. Ibsen had done the greatest and most enduring part of his work twenty years ago, but the voice of the student here and there among us who had discovered him was that of one crying in the wilderness. A few contemporary Germans and Frenchmen, somewhat capriciously selected, were known to our readers; others, equally important, were not known at all. As for the contemporary Italian, or Spaniard, or Pole, or Russian, his name was, with hardly an exception, meaningless to us. Most of us who studied the history of foreign literatures were content to stop with the dawn of the century; of active modern tendencies in the world of foreign letters we had not the least notion.

The rapidity with which, of late, *nous avons changé tout cela*, is a little surprising. The past few years have brought before our eyes, in bewildering succession, an array of contemporary writers from all parts of the civilized world. Novelists and dramatists, essayists and poets, of the most diverse nationalities and ideals, compete for our attention. Not only do the new works of the older literatures crowd upon us, but the new literatures of Canada, Australia, Greece, Portugal, and Spanish America as well. Now most of these new claimants for attention require conversion into our vernacular before we may become acquainted with them. And this fact leads us to the real consideration of the present article, which is, briefly, that the art of translation, so far from keeping pace with its practice, lags painfully behind. The more translations we get, the worse they seem to be. Time was when a translation was at least apt to be a labor of love, conscientiously and sympathetically performed. At present, it seems a sort of scramble to be first in the field. A novel by a popular foreign author is almost sure to get before our public in a translation so wooden, so unidiomatic, so essentially ignorant, as to be a mere travesty of the original. One who has occasion to examine many of these productions is only too often reminded of the sort of translation that was suffered by Bottom, and is surprised beyond measure when he comes upon a version which is not an utter perversion. We do not here speak of the ethical question, so often ignored by those who deliberately alter or curtail the text of their originals, but merely of the lack of intelligence and capacity nearly always displayed by translators of contemporary literature.

The simple fact is that the qualifications of a translator are set far too low, both by his employer and the public. The long-suffering public, of course, has to take what it can get, is too apathetic to demand better workmanship, and easily grows accustomed to the hack-work that dulls the taste and deadens the literary sensibility. As for the employer, the publisher, he finds a ready sale for the cheap product, and hence does not offer the compensation that good work ought to bring. Of course he has a moral responsibility in the matter, but he is not likely to care for that when his pocket is concerned. Any young person with a smattering of French or German and a dictionary to help him out, feels competent to become a translator, it never occurring to him that the cultivation of an English style is the first requisite of all; while the average publisher shows that he accepts this view by refusing to pay for translations any sum that a competent workman, the real master of two languages, can possibly accept. Of course, honorable exceptions to this rule may be found here and

there, and equally of course good translations will now and then come from persons actuated, not by self-interest, but by a delight in good workmanship for its own sake. But the conditions that fix the existing standard of translation are still mainly of the hard commercial kind, and, until they are in some way modified, the standard will remain low.

It is possible that the art of translation may rise from its present disrepute, but the process will be slow. Cause for hopefulness may be found in two facts. The first of these facts is that the Copyright Act of 1891 for the first time gave the foreign writer some measure of control over the American publication of translations of his work. He has it in his power to secure an adequate translation, and to preëmpt the market for it. Unfortunately, he does not always know a good translation from a bad one, and even if he does, may find it difficult to arrange for what he wants. Possibly he may come to learn by experience how immeasurably his reputation suffers from blundering translations, and take measures to secure himself against them. The other cause for hopefulness is in the fact that an immense expansion has taken place of late years in the modern language departments of our educational institutions. The languages of Europe are pursued in the scientific and literary spirit by an increasing number of students every year. These students will make most of the translations that will be read by the coming decades. It is not too much to believe that their better methods and fuller knowledge will make itself felt more and more as the years pass, and that their efforts may cause a marked elevation in the current standard of literary translation.

FROM SOPHOCLES TO IBSEN.

The theatre-going portion of the Chicago public has recently been given an opportunity to compare two types of dramatic art widely separated in point of time. Within the past month, two plays by Dr. Ibsen have been seen upon the boards, while the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, given by the students of Beloit College, was repeated at Chicago a few days ago. Of the Greek play, it may be said that a distinct success was scored, mainly attributable to the remarkable histrionic talent displayed by Mr. C. W. Wood, who took the part of the King. There was hardly a trace of amateurishness in his work, and his delivery of the more fateful passages in the tragedy elicited an applause that was richly deserved. The only thing about the "Œdipus" performance which seems to us to have been ill advised was the use of a home-made translation, which did not commend itself by any markedly poetical quality, in place of some standard English version.

The two Ibsen plays referred to were "An Enemy of the People" and "Master Builder Solness." The former was given by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the latter by the students and instructors of the Chicago Conservatory of Dramatic Art. Mr. Tree's performance, which was introduced, evidently as a sort of experiment, near the close of his two weeks' engagement in Chicago, was both an artistic and a popular success. Its popular success was in fact astonishing, for scene after scene was wildly applauded, and at the close Mr. Tree, who had taken the character of Stockman, was forced to make a few remarks to the audience. He acquitted himself gracefully of the task, thanking his appreciative auditors in the name of the author of the play. The most surprising thing about the reception which thus astonished both the actor and the few Ibsenites scattered through the audience was the fact that the greatest applause was called out by the passages in which the author's assertion of individualism is the most vigorous, and his denunciation of the rabble and the "compact majority" is the most uncompromising. "The majority is *always* wrong," declaimed Dr. Stockman; and the house, even the galleries, cheered the sentiment to the echo. The scene was, on the whole, very disturbing to one's preconceived notions of what the dear public likes and demands in matters theatrical.

The "Solness" performance, which was given to a large matinee audience, showed painstaking study on the part of the performers, and seemed to hold the listeners more closely than most plays succeed in doing. The *märchenhaft* character of the drama is quite as evident in the witnessing as in the reading, and the veiled symbolism in which the author delights puzzled those of the audience to whom it was all a new thing, and who tried to account to themselves for events as they happened. The story of Aline's lost dolls, as was to be expected, resulted in hilarity pure and simple. But the attention with which the work was followed could not fail to be noticed by those who, familiar with the play, found their chief interest in noting its effect upon the audience. Although the hearers were not a little perturbed in spirit by the strange series of episodes unfolded before them, it was clear that the suggestiveness of the play was not lost upon many of them. And the wisest of critics may hardly blame them for not being quite sure of what the play meant.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"THE AIMS OF LITERARY STUDY."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

At a recent meeting of a Chicago literary club, the volume of Professor Corson on "The Aims of Literary Study," and the comment upon the same by Professor Edward E. Hale in THE DIAL of February 16, were

passed in review. Having been appointed spokesman of the club, and adding a little indignation of my own, I beg leave to discuss in your columns Mr. Hale's theory of "university discipline," and to suggest a different reading of the facts of education, so far as these pertain to the study of literature.

In one thing we are in complete accord: namely, that literature does not lend itself readily to purely intellectual discipline. When literature is so employed, not only is offence done to the literature itself, but also to the student whose time is surely misspent in reading with the intellect the masterpieces of literature — to be called *life* presently, when things get their true names. The published studies of literature, which reveal the working upon literary material of the intellectual alone, are among the saddest chapters of educational history — sad because the materials are put to a use alien to their purpose, and saddest because the mind which has been applied so diligently has really missed its intellectual discipline. So the matter stands at present, that if the concern of the university is with intellectual training alone, literature is most certainly out of place in the university.

But can it be that the American university limits itself to this single discipline? We have always supposed that the purpose of educational institutions, in this country at least, was to educate. While perhaps the primary function of the university is to know, yet other educational forces surround this, which are not "incidental," or "left to care for themselves," but are fundamental likewise. By its department of Physical Culture, for instance, the university recognizes its function to educate the body, not primarily for the sake of the sound mind, but for the sound body. The recent action of the Harvard Faculty, in voting to abolish intercollegiate foot-ball, was prompted by the wish to protect the players' life and limbs, and not to maintain the "university discipline." Departments of Art, Elocution, and Oratory, the various professional and technical training schools, testify to the interest of the university in some things besides this one discipline. But the point I wish here to make is that the study of literature itself, as conducted to-day in our leading universities, is the best witness to our universal interest in education. While Mr. Hale is affirming that literature is out of place in the university, it is in fact very much in place. We suspect that Professor Lowell, long ago at Harvard, taught literature in its absolute character, and found it not so very difficult, or incompatible with the university ideal. But we know, from the letters on the teaching of English which so lately graced the columns of THE DIAL, that to-day the subject is being taught quite generally in its vital meaning and content, even as Professor Corson would direct. It was stated definitely enough by Professor Cook of Yale — from whom, as a skilful philologist, we might have expected the narrow definition of university discipline—that the object which he proposed to himself as a teacher of literature was the development in the student, whether graduate or undergraduate, of *insight and power*—terms which include the emotional, the æsthetical, and the moral, as well as the intellectual (THE DIAL, Feb. 1, '94, p. 71). The editorial in the June number of THE DIAL, in summary of the reports on teaching English, rightly affirms that this high aim is general. Professor Corson's book really records the experiences of many.

To indicate more definitely the present scope and tendency of literary study, and thereby the relation which Professor Corson's book has to present university teaching, I may report some facts which have just been gathered by the English Department of the University of Chicago, pertaining to the teaching of literature in various institutions during the current year. The work of thirty-four of the leading American colleges and universities was examined with reference to the courses offered in English literature. The total number of courses reviewed was 378. Fifty-seven of these are primarily for graduates, with as many more immediately serviceable to them. There are thirty-nine general courses set down for undergraduates, these constituting the required work, and being divided about equally between a general historical course and the study of masterpieces. Twenty-eight courses deal with Old and Middle English literature, with Chaucer as the favorite author. Sixty-one courses are devoted to sixteenth century literature, thirty-five of which deal with Shakespeare alone. There are seventeen courses in seventeenth century literature, twelve of these being given to Milton alone. To the Classical period, twenty courses are given, thirteen of them relating to the historical evolution of literature. Twenty courses consider the Romantic period, including eleven devoted to the great authors — Coleridge and Wordsworth being the favored ones, the latter having four courses devoted to him alone. The nineteenth century has seventy-nine courses to its service, eight of these being general surveys, eleven given to American authors, about thirty to different representative authors or groups of writers, five to Browning alone, five to Tennyson alone, and six to modern fiction, with George Eliot as leader. In forty-nine courses the different kinds or species of literature are considered, as the epic, the lyric, and the drama; seven of these review the history of English fiction. Prose claims sixteen courses. Miscellaneous courses number about twenty, which indicate some personal preference of the instructor or some experiment in teaching. Twenty-nine other courses, for the most part new ones, constitute what is practically a new department of literature as distinguished from English literature; of these, sixteen are given to the history of criticism, five are devoted to comparative literature, and six relate to the theory or æsthetics of literature.

I make bold to say, then, that the case stands thus, that nothing which concerns literature is out of place in the universities. And I cannot leave the subject without exclaiming how well that this is so. Science itself requires the coöperation of the literary, the intuitive, the imaginative, the emotional, and the moral. In the statutes which established the chair of poetry at Oxford, it was declared that the study of poetry would be of value in the university, as tending to the improvement of the sciences, secular and sacred; recognizing thus that poetry, as a high and holy art, is a motive power among men. Not less of literature, but more, is the promise of the future. Then it may be that the most pitiable of all sights will vanish from the earth — the spectacle of a man who is able to render but a single intellectual response to the universal appeal, the wonder and the glory, of the world. Then some other than academical attainments will qualify the doctor of philosophy, even some insight and power. But why not recognize at once, with Professor Corson, that in literature "Being is teaching," and that in the "university discipline" *being* as well as *knowing* has a place?

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

The University of Chicago, March 22, 1895.

The New Books.

A Psychological Autobiography.*

In composing, or rather in compiling, his life of John Addington Symonds, Mr. Horatio F. Brown has confined himself mainly to the task of giving logical and convenient form to the material at his disposal, which has fortunately been unusually abundant. "I imagine," he says, "that few men of letters have left behind them, in addition to some thirty published volumes, such a mass of letters, diaries, and memoranda as that which has passed through my hands." The bulk of this material, consisting of journals, note-books, an autobiography, jottings of foreign life and travel, etc., came directly into the author's possession under Mr. Symonds's will; and this portion has since been liberally supplemented by letters in the hands of relatives and friends, and by a touching account, written by Miss Margaret Symonds, of her father's last journey and death. Mr. Brown's task has, therefore, been mainly editorial; and the work before us is virtually an autobiography — more specifically, a psychological autobiography. As such, it is likely to prove a surprise to all but the writer's closer friends. Few who knew Mr. Symonds personally (as we gather from Mr. Brown's engaging sketch of him) could have surmised that the "brilliant, audacious exterior" hid a central core of spiritual pain; that the genial, cheery conversation, implying at every turn the open sense and the warm artistic temperament, veiled at times a spiritual drama as intense as that which filled the soul of Bunyan. To those who identify religion with fixity and fervor of faith, it may sound paradoxical to say that Mr. Symonds was both profoundly religious and profoundly skeptical; yet such was the fact, and the fundamental fact, of his nature. To an intellect keenly analytical and impatient of authority, a passion for the absolute, and a dislike of compromise, he joined a temperament essentially religious and perilously emotional. "The central, the architectonic, quality of his nature," says one who knew him well, "was religious. . . . If the honest, courageous recognition of the Self confronted with God, the soul with the universe, the struggle to comprehend and be comprehended, is religious, then Symonds was preëminently a religious man." Thus antithetically constituted, with a genius, as it were, for faith, and a passion for demonstration, his dominating pursuit and life-long occupation was the search for a creed that should satisfy at once his emotional longings and his intellectual scruples. This conflict between the desire for the warmth and solace of a personal God, and the rational objections to a God conceived under human attributes; the clinging to the old, and the vague uneasy sense of the dawning of the new, mark, perhaps, a temperament characteristic of our transitional age, critical and scientific, — an age in which, as Mr. Symonds himself says, "it is almost the greatest faith to have no faith, for the old faiths are passing away and the new one has not come, and the men of this generation are like travellers before daybreak, the majority asleep, the few awake and watching anxiously for the dawn."

Down to his twenty-ninth year, to what he always termed "the crisis at Cannes," Mr. Symonds seems to have confined his speculative quest of a self-forged creed to the region of the abstract, where he fought over again, to his infinite spiritual weariness and discomfiture, the old dialectic battles, with the old result, or rather lack of result. That he had read Kant previously to this flight into the inane, seems improbable, though we find one reference to the Königsberg philosopher. After Cannes, and down to the end of his life, the inquiry was gradually transferred from the field of the abstract to the more congenial, and to his artistic sense more inspiring, field of the concrete; but the problem and the organic impulse to grapple with it remained the same. "I do not think," says Mr. Brown, "that Symonds ever expected the problem to be solved, the struggle to be abandoned."

> "The renunciation of the quest would have seemed to him spiritual death—the solution of the riddle, also, most likely, death. In December, 1889, he wrote: 'When will the soul be at ease? If it has to live forever, I believe mine will never be at ease.' Did he want it to be? I think so, — but upon terms which we suppose to be precluded by the limitations of human nature, by the loss of its individual self-consciousness, by absorption into the Universal consciousness. 'E naufragar m' é dolce in questo mare.'"

The successive steps in Mr. Symonds's Pyrrhonic *descensus*, leading into the (to him) fatal abyss of disbelief in a paternal, providential, and humanly lovable God, are clearly traceable in the more introspective journals and letters. The process began early. A skeptic

* John Addington Symonds: A Biography. Compiled from his Papers and Correspondence. By Horatio F. Brown. In two volumes, with portraits, etc. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

in his teens, he denied at school the dogmas of original sin and eternal damnation. This early lapse could hardly have in itself brought him much spiritual discomfort; but the habit of doubting, of exacting of each article of faith a precise account of its origin and credentials, once set up, grew apace. The result, for a skeptical and severely logical mind, was foregone. He tells us:

"One after another fell the constituent beliefs of Christianity, and at last, when I considered the history of all religions, and applied the canons of cold analysis to the central creed of all, I was forced to acknowledge that the personal Deity might, after all, be nothing but a mirage — a magnificent image of humanity — or, as I expressed it, a Brocken spectre, projected by the human consciousness upon the mists of the unknown."

In short, does not man, to reverse the terms of the Mosaic statement, create God in his own image, the concept broadening and refining in proportion to his own advancing growth and refinement? — a fact still covered by the metaphor of the Brocken spectre, since a giant causes a more splendid phantom than a dwarf. In every humanly possible idea of God is present and paramount the element of anthropomorphism, so fatal from a rational, yet so precious and salutary from an emotional, standpoint,— for is not, after all, a creed which lacks this central and vital concept of a personal and therefore an anthropomorphic God the coldest and most cheerless of empty formulas, a repellant Frankenstein-fabric, lacking, as it were, a soul? The overthrow of the hypothesis of a personal God marked the turning-point in Mr. Symonds's speculations. He had reached this nadir of the destructive process "hastily, eagerly, and full of zeal," and found himself, at the supreme moment of iconoclastic conquest, face to face with weakness and death. Thenceforth, then, the problem of problems must be to build — if possible, even to re-build, to replace with loving care stone by stone the fragments of the temple he had thrown down. "I had," he says, "to seek some formula which should satisfy me about myself, the universe, the future. How have these things come about? what do they mean?"

Turning for light here to science, one finds its quasi-explanations confessedly null touching these ultimate questions. Science knits the web of the larger experience, formulates the cosmic process, subsumes the particular under the general and the general under the more general— a process obviously limited and blocked at precisely the point where the metaphysical inquiry begins; but so far from *explaining*, in any religious or transcendent (extra-experiential) sense, science tends to breed the conviction that such explanation is impossible. Science only intensifies the final mystery and whets the craving for a solution, by telling, in terms unrealizable and grandiose, of "innumerable myriads of years," of a stretch of time compared with which the duration of the human race is but "a scape in oblivion," of an infinitude of globes and constellations infinitely beyond those to which (if there be a perceiving eye there) the light of our sun penetrates vaguely as a mere glow-worm spark or twinkling taper. Science, indeed, everywhere finds law; but, discerning no Lawgiver, inclines to think the craving for one is but a human and perhaps a transient weakness, an "idol of the tribe." The object of its own faith it finds in an eternal order, bringing forth ceaseless change, through endless time, in endless space: a conclusion intellectually imposing, but, to the devotional temper, lame and impotent enough.

On comparing the ascertained facts of science with the Ptolemaic and even ruder conceptions underlying the general scheme of Christianity, with its primitive spatial and temporal postulates, Mr. Symonds seems to have found his crucial difficulty in the doctrine of the Ascension:

"When I carried that dogma of the Ascension, on which the peculiarly Christian idea of a corporeal immortality rests, to science, science derided it. 'For,' she aptly said, 'in infinite space there is no height nor depth; a body carried upwards through the clouds beyond the force of gravitation, if that were possible, is simply lost. Do you not perceive that the Ascension was a beautiful myth, adapted to the simple conception of the universe as it existed in those unscientific days, the whole value of which is now historical, and which must be placed with the other instructive and exquisite religions of the world?' This reasoning I could not answer; in fact, it seems to me unanswerable. And with the Ascension, which is the master-miracle of Christianity, the minor miracles had to give way. Christianity took its place among the religions of the world, and told me far more about the human than the divine nature."

For a man of Mr. Symonds's temper there was clearly no middle course here, no *à peu près*, no convenient half-way station between denial and acceptance. Having rejected Christianity in part, he rejected it in all. Some will say that, finding the husk of no value, he threw away the kernel—not always the highest proof of wisdom. The qualified adherence to Christianity of men like his Oxford mentors, the Master of Balliol and Professor Conington, was impossible for him; it had, he said characteristically, "something illogical in it." Reject-

ing Christianity, he tried in turn, and "somewhat contemptuously" threw aside, the current spiritual nostrums, more or less idly ingenious attempts at mediation between the outworn old and the conjectural new; he felt that he "should not be saved by any of these palliatives." To one goaded on as he was to suicide itself as a means of discovering the truth, patient agnosticism was impossible. Even Spinozism, which must have powerfully attracted his intellectual nature, would not do for him. "I would sooner," he exclaims, "have Comte than the worshippers of *Ens!*"

We have spoken of "the crisis at Cannes" as the turning-point in Mr. Symonds's spiritual fortunes. Extracts from his papers at that period will serve to show what a struggle it cost him to abandon his old creed. They will show also, what most readers will conjecture at the start, that his spiritual torments, the paroxysms of mental agony which racked him at intervals through life and brought him to the brink of madness and suicide, had their pathological side. There was more point than solace in the remark he quotes of a common-sense, well-digesting friend (who probably regarded the possession of "nerves" as a reprehensible weakness) that "when people talk of hell they often mean a state of their nerves." Touching the Cannes crisis, Mr. Symonds says:

"All the evil humors which were fermenting in my petty state of man—poignant and depressing memories of past troubles, physical maladies of nerve-substance and of lung-tissue, decompositions of habitual creeds, sentimental vapors, doubts about the moral basis to human life, thwarted intellectual activity, ambitions rudely checked by impotence,—all these miserable factors of a wretched inner life boiled up in a kind of devil's caldron during those last weeks at Cannes, and made existence hell. The crisis I passed through then was decisive for my future career. . . . I contemplated suicide. But death is not acceptable—it offers no solution. I loathe myself, and turn in every direction to find strength. What I want is life; the source of life fails me. . . . In my present state of entire negation I cannot get the faith without the strength, or the strength without the faith. Both remain outside my reach. . . . The last night I spent in Cannes was the worst of my whole life. I lay awake motionless, my soul stagnant, feeling what is meant by spiritual blackness and darkness. If it should last forever? As I lay, a tightening approached my heart. It came nearer, the grasp grew firmer, I was cold and lifeless in the clutch of a great agony. If this were death? Catherine, who kept hold of me, seemed far away. I was alone, so utterly desolate that I drank the very cup of the terror of the grave. The Valley of the Shadow was opened, and the shadow still lies upon my soul. . . . In another nature, acting under other circumstances, the phenomenon of what is called 'conversion' might have been exhibited. With me it was different. I emerged at last into stoical acceptance of my place in the world, combined with epicurean indulgence. Together, these two motives restored me to comparative health, gave me religion, and enabled me, in spite of broken nerves and diseased lungs, to do what I have done in literature."

The "religion" which was the outcome of the Cannes crisis was remote enough from what men commonly understand by that now ominously elastic term. It was, rather, a substitute for religion; a last resort; a drifting spar clung to by one who had long battled with the waves of doubt and darkness, and despaired of the haven. It was an abandonment of the old problems, seen at last to be insoluble; a shifting of the inquiry from the abstract to the phenomenal, as to the only field where knowledge is possible. Doubtless there remained a glimmering hope, a hoping against hope, that even in the field of sense patient interrogation might yield some faint intimation of the mystery "behind the veil." Turning to Mr. Symonds's own confessedly cloudy statement of his self-forged religion, it appears as a nebulous compound of pantheism, poetry, stoico-epicurean morality, and generalized science of the Spencerian type. As it is labelled the "Religion of the Cosmic Enthusiasm," one may pardonably infer, as a further element, a tincture of what the Germans call *Schwärmerei*. This system Mr. Symonds thought "the only creed compatible with agnosticism forced upon a candid mind."

"Nothing but the bare thought of a God-penetrated universe, and of myself as an essential part of it, together with all things that appear in their succession—ether and inorganic matter passing into plants, and creatures of the sea and beasts rising to men and women like myself, and onward from us progressing to the stage of life unrealised by human reason — nothing but the naked yet inebriating vision of such a cosmos satisfied me as a possible object of worship. When this thought flooded me, and filled the inmost fibres of my sentient being, I discovered that I was almost at rest about birth and death, and moral duties, and the problem of immortality. Having lost the consolations of faith in redemption through Christ, and all that pertains thereto, I had gained in exchange this, that I could —

'lay myself upon the knees
Of Doom, and take mine everlasting ease.'"

We have dwelt perhaps too exclusively upon the religious phase of Mr. Symonds's life-story — though this is clearly its dominant element, and the one by virtue of which, to our thinking, it outweighs intrinsically and will outlive (as a vivid and eloquent record of our age of spiritual unrest and change) all else that its writer has given us. There is much, of course, in Mr. Symonds's life that we have not touched upon here: the charming story (as good as

David Copperfield) of his boyhood; the school-days at Harrow; the years at Oxford under Professors Jowett and Conington; the rich travel-pictures; the tale of his literary career and aspirations; but for all this, and much more, we must send the reader to the original. It were ungracious to close our review of these beautiful volumes without adding a word of thanks to Mr. Brown for his admirable editing. Painstaking, ingenious, and unobtrusive, it could scarcely be bettered. E. G. J.

LAFAYETTE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.*

Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Jr., has given us, in two interesting volumes, the best statement that has hitherto been published relating to Lafayette in the American Revolution, and, within the limits imposed upon himself, has also given a satisfactory account of the attitude and policy of France in our War of Independence. If Mr. Tower had added a chapter illustrating the diplomacy of France, under the malign influence of Spain, relating to the peace negotiations of 1782–'83,— in which it was proposed to leave the United States a weak nation within the limits of the Alleghany mountains and the Atlantic and the Eastern States, without an acre of ground in the great valley that in a few years was to become the centre of national power,— readers of his work would better understand the policy of France in the American Revolution.

In the summer and fall of 1776, Lafayette completed his arrangements to give himself to the American cause. It was the darkest period of the War. New York was held by the British fleet and army. The disastrous battle of Long Island had been fought on the 27th of August. The British cabinet industriously sent over Europe reports that the colonial armies were vanquished. Vergennes was compelled to suspend his nearly-completed negotiations with Spain for an alliance with France in aid of the United States; and the alliance was never consummated. Silas Dean, American agent at Paris, was discouraged; and he notified Lafayette that, under the circumstances, it would be better to suspend his undertaking. The answer of Lafayette was characteristic of his inflexible will and purpose. In his memoirs he says:

"I went to Mr. Dean and thanked him for his frankness. 'Up to this moment, sir,' I added, 'you have seen only my zeal; it is going, perhaps, to become useful; I am buying a ship which will carry over your officers; it is necessary to show some confidence, and it is in danger that I like to share your fortunes.'"

Lafayette was not quite twenty years old, when (July 27, 1777) he presented to Congress the agreement of Dean, approved by Franklin, appointing him a major general in the armies of the United States. Congress hesitated to ratify the appointment. Washington had been much perplexed by the applications of French officers for commissions in the service. Lafayette, writing to Congress, said: "After the sacrifices I have made, I have the right to ask two favors at your hands: the one is to serve without pay, at my own expense; and the other, that I be allowed to serve, at first, as a volunteer." Thereupon (July 31, 1777) Congress declared:

"Whereas, the Marquis de Lafayette, out of his great zeal to the cause of liberty, in which the United States are engaged, has left his family and connections, and, at his own expense, come over to offer his services to the United States, without pension or particular allowance, and is anxious to risque his life in our cause—Resolved, that his services be accepted, and that, in consideration of his zeal, illustrious family, and connections, he have rank and commission of Major General in the Army of the United States."

A few days later Lafayette was presented to Washington at a dinner in Philadelphia. As the party was about breaking up, Washington took Lafayette aside, complimented him upon his zeal and sacrifices, and invited him to make the military quarters of the Commander-in-Chief his home. That was the beginning of an historic friendship.

Lafayette performed his first military service under Washington, as a volunteer, at Brandywine, about six weeks after he received his commission. Of this event Mr. Tower says:

"His conduct during that day had been viewed with the greatest favor by those who shared its incidents with him. He had shown himself a man of courage and a soldier; and although he had been, but a few hours before, but a foreigner, a stranger who had come into the continental army, he was welcomed, that night, in the American camps, as a tried friend and a comrade."

A wound received at Brandywine put Lafayette under the surgeon's care for about six weeks. Before his wound was healed, he was again in the saddle; and he received a favorable notice from General Green for his part in the small action near Gloucester. Lafayette had now won his spurs; and Congress, upon the recommendation of Washington, authorized giving to Lafayette a separate command. With some enthusiasm, Mr. Tower says:

* THE MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. With some account of the attitude of France toward the War of Independence. By Charlemagne Tower, Jr. In two volumes, illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

"That which gave Lafayette the affection of General Washington, which won his way to the hearts of the American people, and made him one of the leaders in the War of Independence, was neither the nobleman nor the representative; it was the man Lafayette himself."

The American army lay at Valley Forge in the memorable winter of 1777–8. The British army occupied Philadelphia. On the 6th of February, 1778, treaties of commerce and alliance were entered into with France. It was understood that in consequence of those treaties a French fleet equal to the British fleet would soon appear in the American waters. In that case, Clinton would no longer be safe in Philadelphia. Washington, desiring accurate information in relation to the movements of Clinton, sent Lafayette, with twenty-two hundred picked troops, to Barren Hill, about eleven miles from the city, to watch the movements of Clinton, who in turn led out his whole army, more than four times larger than the American force, in the confident expectation of capturing Lafayette. But Lafayette, by good strategy, foiled the combinations of Clinton, and drew off his forces without the loss of a man. Clinton then evacuated Philadelphia, marching across New Jersey to New York, pursued by the American army, which, on the 28th of June, fought the drawn battle of Monmouth, that might have been a defeat but for the genius of Washington, or a victory but for the treachery of Lee. On that day the conduct of Lafayette gained for him new laurels. Clinton did not retire too soon. But for untoward delays, the French fleet, in connection with the land forces would (to use an expression of General Grant) have "bottled up" the British army on the Delaware, as it was afterward "bottled up" on the Chesapeake.

On the 21st of October, 1778, Congress gave Lafayette leave to go to France, "and to return at such time as shall be most convenient to him." He had come to the United States with the promise of a youth of wealth, noble birth, liberal education, and an unfaltering devotion to the cause of American liberty; he returned, a man tested by important military service, with the love of the people, the respect of Congress, and the approval of Washington, then coming to his recognized position among the great men of the world. Lafayette was first of all a Frenchman. But, consulted by the king, the ministers, and other eminent men in France, in matters relating to the war, he rendered, in his absence from the United States, inestimable service to the American cause. He arrived at Boston, on his return to the United States, April 28, 1780.

I pass over many interesting events in which Lafayette had an influential part,—the operations in Rhode Island, the operations of the French fleet under Estaing, the usefulness of Lafayette in soothing the jealousies of French officers, and his influence over Congress and in the States. Mr. Tower appropriately gives a large space to an account of the aid given by France in response to urgent appeals from the United States. In the first years the aid was given secretly, in order to keep up an appearance of neutrality with England. At the time of Washington's disastrous defeat on Long Island, while Vergennes was giving, and meant to continue secretly giving, all the aid in his power to the United States, he wrote to the British minister that he was deeply touched by the attention which permitted him to share the joy he felt at the happy news of the success of the British arms. At that very moment Vergennes was anxiously waiting for the time when he might throw off all disguise, and give openly and on a large scale all the help the Americans required to win their cause. The surrender of Burgoyne's entire army (October 17, 1777), gave Vergennes his opportunity. "*Aut nunc, aut nun quam*," he said. The treaty of February 5, 1778, led to the final victory which ended the war October 19, 1781; for it is probable, if not certain, that without French credit, money, fleets, and soldiers, the American armies, would have been destroyed. It does not follow, however, that the spirit of American independence, which took root from 1630, would have been extirpated by the entire destruction of the American armies at that time. Burke, in his speech on "Conciliation with America" (March 22, 1775), and Turgot, in his celebrated memoir to the king (April 7, 1776), declared that upon the destruction of the American armies the contest would be transferred to the Mississippi Valley, where British fleets could not penetrate and where British armies would not succeed. It is due, however, to French aid, that our cause triumphed in the seaboard states where the war began. Nor, as Mr. Tower says, is our debt of gratitude at all cancelled by the consideration that France acted wholly from interested motives. And it is evident enough that, with notable exceptions as in the case of Lafayette, Frenchmen generally did not love the American cause nor the American people. Vergennes was frank enough to make no such pre-

tence. The American colonists had fought under British banners in the war of 1756. In addition to immense contributions of money, they raised twenty-eight thousand provincial troops, Massachusetts alone raising seven thousand men. In that war Washington won his first military distinction. The humiliating treaty of 1763, by which France was forced to part with all her American possessions on the main land, had left among the French people an inextinguishable hatred of England, such as is now felt in France against Germany for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. The American war, then, was for most Frenchmen an occasion for revenge or a possible opportunity to recover the territory lost under the treaty of 1763.

It was the policy of the British Cabinet, in the first three or four years of the Revolutionary war, to hold possession of the great cities, as Boston, Philadelphia, New York. After years of fighting it was discovered that on that policy the country could not be conquered. It was then decided to send armies sufficient to subdue and hold the Southern States, leaving the North to be dealt with afterward. Charleston was reduced. Lord Cornwallis, left in command of the south, on the 25th of April, 1781, transferred his army to Virginia. To meet the changed conditions, Washington assigned to Lafayette a separate command in Virginia, where he began active operations on the 10th of April. This was the last and most important military service of Lafayette in the United States. I shall not attempt to follow Lafayette in the marches and counter-marches of this campaign, covering eleven hundred miles, and over historic ground now especially familiar to readers of the Virginia campaigns in our late Rebellion. Mr. Tower's excellent maps enable the reader to follow the entire campaign intelligently. His force was not sufficient, however, to justify him in bringing on or accepting a general engagement with Cornwallis; but he kept the latter constantly occupied, under the instructions of Washington, until the Compte de Grasse, with a fleet and an army, arrived in Chesapeake Bay on the 30th of August, when the British army was completely invested within its fortifications at Yorktown. The French officers desired to make the assault at once, and win for themselves the glory of overthrowing Cornwallis; but Lafayette, as commander-in-chief, wisely determined to wait until Washington, transferring his army from the Hudson, should reach the field, take command of the allied armies, and make victory sure in the final battle of the Revolution.

Lafayette's military service in the American Revolution ended with the surrender of Cornwallis. He sailed from Boston on the 27th of December in the "Alliance," placed at his disposal by Congress. Just before he sailed, Washington, writing to him, said:

"I owe it to your friendship and to my affectionate regard for you, my dear Marquis, not to let you leave this country without carrying with you fresh marks of my attachment to you, and new expressions of the high sense I entertain of your military conduct and other important services in the last campaign, although the latter are too well known to need the testimony of my approbation, and the former I persuade myself you believe is too well riveted to undergo diminution or change."

These were not idle words of compliment. They were the expression of the habitual feeling of Washington in relation to Lafayette, who was the only foreigner in our armies who had his unqualified confidence and friendship. It was a great distinction, and one entirely deserved. Lafayette, says Henry Martin, never changed. "What, above all, distinguishes Lafayette," says le Comte de Ségur, "is an unchangeable constancy of character, which tends without deviation always to the same end. To work ceaselessly to establish, extend, and consolidate liberty is the dominant idea which for more than fifty years has directed his conduct, animated his soul, and inspired his words." Lovers of liberty, on two continents, cherish his name, on which no clouds rest except those arising from calumnies engendered in a later strife, some of which, like the villainous charge relating to his conduct on the 5th and 6th of October, 1789, were invented on the return of the Bourbons to France in 1814.

D. L. Shorey.

Travels in the Orient.*

I have read with unflagging interest and pleasure Miss Fielde's most interesting collec-

*A Corner of Cathay: Studies from Life among the Chinese. By Adele M. Fielde, author of "Pagoda Shadows." Illustrated in color by Japanese artists. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Across Asia on a Bicycle: The Journey of Two American Students from Constantinople to Peking. By Thomas Gaskell Allen, Jr., and William Lewis Sachtleben. Illustrated. New York: The Century Co.

When We Were Strolling Players in the East. By Louise Jordan Miln. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Wandering Words. Reprinted, by permission, from papers published in various journals and magazines. By Sir Edwin Arnold, author of "Seas and Land." Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

tion of essays on Chinese life entitled "A Corner of Cathay." The book is a shining example of intelligent observation and equally judicious selection. It seems to entirely fill Bovée's two requisites of a book: it is "luminous and not voluminous." The titles of the chapters show the attractive and varied nature of the subjects treated: "Farm Life in China," "Economy, Household and Personal," "Marriage Laws and Usages," "Mortuary Customs," "Babies and their Grandmothers," "Children's Games," "Schools and Schooling," "Measures of Time," "Suits in Law," "Fabulous People and Animals," "Sundry Superstitions," "A Queer Autumn Entertainment." "The Chinese Theory of Evolution," "Confucius and his Teaching," "The Tauists and their Magic Arts," "Chinese Piety, Filial, Fraternal, and Friendly." It seems impossible to quote, when each page vies with its neighbor in interest. In the last chapter a touching passage occurs in the story of the bad wife, who desired her husband to kill his feeble and dependent old mother. He consented, and took his old parent away on his back, pretending that he was carrying her out to take the country air. On the way, the old woman told her son he had gladdened her heart ten times.

"The first was when he was born, when after much sorrow she knew she had a living boy; the second was when she first saw him smile, and knew that he was comfortable in her arms; the third was when he first held a thing in his hand, and she knew by his grasp upon it that he was strong; the fourth was when he began to walk, and she knew that he would learn to take care of himself and to help her; the fifth was when he first went off to gather fuel, and she thought that having him she could keep the house and make a home; the sixth was when she first gave him some money and he started off without her to buy their food in the market; the seventh was when she could afford to let him go to school, and he came back at nightfall and told her what the teacher had taught him; the eighth was when he put on the garb of an adult, and she knew she had a man to depend on at last; the ninth was when she got a wife for him, had paid all the wedding expenses, and made him able to establish a household of his own; the tenth was when he just now took her on his back, to carry her out to get sight of the sky and fields, that she might be refreshed and live the longer. As she talked thus, her son's heart was softened, and he could not cast away the mother who had loved him so well."

The chapters on farm-life and economy teem with new, surprising, and important information; the ones on schools and children's games are particularly pleasing. Miss Fielde is fitted, through her fifteen years' residence in China, her perfect knowledge of the language, as shown in her marvellous "Swatow Dictionary," and her intelligent discernment, to be an authority upon the subject on which she has written; and we must have confidence in her judgment when she says of the Chinese:

"That they are people of the highest capabilities is well known to the writer through her personal acquaintance with isolated instances of unselfish tenderness, of lofty self-respect, of true spiritual aspiration, and of wide philanthropy, and through her constant observation among them of heroic endurance, of marvellous patience, and of sublime earnestness."

The volume "Across Asia on a Bicycle" is made up of a series of sketches describing part of a bicycle journey round the world, by two young Americans immediately after their graduation from Washington University, St. Louis. They were three years on the journey, and covered over fifteen thousand miles; they took over two thousand photographs, selections from which are reproduced in the illustrations of the volume. The services of guides and interpreters were never employed on the trip; and, without doubt, the hardships of travel were thus much increased. But a closer acquaintance with strange people was also gained. The most interesting chapter in the book is, in view of the present state of affairs, an account of an interview with Li Hung Chang, the Prime Minister of China. The description of his person runs thus:

"His face was distinctly oval, tapering from a very broad to a sharp pointed chin, half obscured by his thin gray goatee. The crown of his head was shaven in the usual Tseng fashion, leaving a tuft of hair for a queue, which, in the viceroy's case, was short and very thin. His dry, sallow skin showed signs of wrinkling; a thick fold lay under each eye and at each end of his upper lip. There were no prominent cheekbones, nor almond-shaped eyes, which are so distinctively seen in most of the Mongolian race. Under the scraggy mustache we could distinguish a rather benevolent though determined mouth; while his small keen eyes, which were rather sunken, gave forth a flash which was perhaps but a flickering ember of the fire they once contained. The left eye, which was partly closed by a paralytic stroke several years ago, gave him a rather artful, waggish appearance. The whole physiognomy was that of a man of strong intention, with the ability to force his point when necessary, and the shrewd common sense to yield when desiring to be politic."

The interview impresses us with the Prime Minister's great shrewdness and inquisitiveness.

"A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a,"

might well be the motto of the joyous book given to us under the happy title "When We Were Strolling Players in the East." Radiant good spirits, good health, good courage, and a good heart, sparkle in all the pages. Even the shadow cast by the two little graves left by the wayside is tender rather than sombre. For

Mrs. Miln and her husband did not stroll through Oriental lands unimpeded and unhampered. Young children, and maids and valets, and a company of actors, seemed, however, to her but the natural accompaniments to Eastern travel. Doubtless in the book on Japan by another woman traveller, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, more real information of the country can be obtained; but this actress, born in America in the South, bred in California in the West, educated at Vassar in the East, and married to an English actor, has such a cheerful, interesting way of giving her information, that we love to read it. Perhaps the most interesting chapters are on four women that Mrs. Miln knew in Tokio. Three were Japanese, one was the Anglo-Saxon wife of a Japanese gentleman. Two she met for the first time; two she had known at Vassar College. One of the latter was Stamatz Yamakawa, wife of Japan's War Minister, Oyama. She had lived ten years in America, part of the time in the home of Dr. Abbott. She was eleven years old when she came here. A brilliant scholar, she took high honors, wrote charming essays, was president of her class, — eager to acquire all occidentalisms of thought and dress. On her return, she married her elderly husband, to whom she never spoke till after the marriage; and Mrs. Miln found the girl who had been so anxious to maintain for Japan a high intellectual standard, relapsed into a perfect Oriental,— drowsy, gentle, a stickler for etiquette, never reading a word of English or French, caring nothing for news of her college mates, faded in her beauty. The other Japanese Vassar student, of lower birth, is now a teacher of music in the Empress' College. Madame Sannoniya stands alone—the one European woman of high character, high intellect, and charming personality, who has become a naturalized and potential individual at an Eastern court. She is the respected wife of an eminent man, who is said to be the handsomest man in Japan, and the intimate friend of the Empress.

The title given by Sir Edwin Arnold himself to the papers in his "Wandering Words" —"sketchy recollections"—is thoroughly appropriate. The sketch entitled "Tent Life" is scarcely more than an outline, and a rather commonplace outline at that. The papers on Japan, entitled "Love and Marriage in Japan," "Japanese Wrestlers," "Some Japanese Pictures," "Oriental Story-Tellers," are the most interesting in the book; and the descriptions of life in that land, so beloved of the author, flow with the sugary, sensuous sweetness which he always pours forth at the thought of that earthly Paradise. He repeats and emphasizes his assertion that the Japanese women are semi-angelic, the most pleasing of their sex, and of the purest and most refined on earth. That they are tranquil, gentle, and delicate, all who have ever had the pleasure of Japanese women-friends can corroboratively testify. We are certainly given plenty of variety in this book. We skip from Honolulu to peer through the Lick Telescope; then we are upset in a *dahabeah* on the Nile, but are rescued, and travel through the Holy Land to India, thence to Japan, back to India, and again to Japan. We are then suddenly startled by a purely English tale of the rescue of a nude bather by his sweetheart, which seems but a chilly relation, through its neighborhood to the glowing chapters, "The Tiger's Village and Wild Boars." Then we have a realistic study of an English character worthy of Hardy's pages, "a tarman"; then two very nice English stories; then, through "Days at Sea," to the Orient again, and again to the Sandwich Islands, and thence home to England;— a slipshod, inartistic arrangement, by which both Oriental and Occidental tales suffer. The book is handsomely printed and illustrated.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

HISTORY AND RELIGION.*

Two allied truths are becoming daily more evident: that history is the true test of religion, and that religion is a primary force in history. Some would accept the second assertion, while still de-

* THE PERMANENT VALUE OF THE BOOK OF GENESIS. By C. W. E. Body, M.A., D.C.L. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE RELIGION OF MOSES. By Adolph Moses. Louisville: Flexner Brothers.

THE MESSIAH OF THE GOSPELS. By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

SIMON PETER: HIS LATER LIFE AND LABORS. By Charles S. Robinson, D.D. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons.

SAINT PAUL AND HIS MISSIONS. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

ST. PAUL'S CONCEPTION OF CHRISTIANITY. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE OLD CHURCH IN THE NEW LAND. By Rev. C. Earnest Smith, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

OLD AND NEW UNITARIAN BELIEF. By John White Chadwick. Boston: George H. Ellis.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS. By Alexander V. G. Allen. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

CLERICAL LIFE AND WORK. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

murring to the first assertion. Yet they are involved in each other. If religion stands for a potent, ever-present combination of causes at work among those forces which collectively make up history, then history, in its unfolding, in its revelation of truth by results in action, must be the only sufficient and adequate disclosure of the real nature of any form of faith. We must know exactly how that faith pushed its way in the world of realities; how far events, social and spiritual, accepted it as congenital with themselves; how far they rejected it as alien to their ultimate success in a Kingdom of Heaven.

These two assertions proceed on the notion that religion, as one whole, stands for natural forces, not supernatural forces, as we ordinarily use the words. Religion as strictly supernatural could not find its way into history. Like foreign material in a living organism, it would be constantly cast out. But if religion is congenital with the human mind, then it follows that history, growth, is the discriminating process by which its just and unjust, less just and more just, forces are discriminated from each other, and at length pronounced on in their ministrations to life. The supernatural is in men's minds only the shadows of those things, not the very things themselves, which work salvation.

It is very interesting, therefore, to find, as in the works now before us, that history is constantly gaining a firmer hold on religion, and that none, even the most obstinate adherents to dogma, wholly overlook it. The higher criticism is only an effort to render faithfully historic forces, and the very moment history enters it pushes to this logical result. The natural suffers no gaps; it takes religion to its very soul, and what it cannot so appropriate, it leaves behind as error.

The first of these books, "The Permanent Value of the Book of Genesis," presents an example, which is now becoming strange, of the utter subordination of history to dogma. It would matter but little what the facts were, after they had been steamed and twisted in the heat of such a faith as is here presented, they would begin to take the form required of them. The book is greatly deficient in historic sense and lucidity of thought. Perhaps these few sentences may let the reader into its temper.

"The Deluge, with its clear piercing note of Judgment upon sin, guards through all the ages the true significance of the Passion of the Christ. For it compels men to trace in the Cross the eternal revelation of the wrath of God against moral evil, the fullest manifestation of God's absolute righteousness, as well as the supreme appeal of His love. Thus the character of God is vindicated from all appearance of indifference to sin. The way is prepared for the Revelation of Himself in our suffering flesh as men are thus taught to look on from that supreme manifestation of love to the great Judgment, to the disclosures of God's final and absolute verdict upon human action, when the true measure of each shall be fully shown, as it has all the time been clear and open in the sight of God" (page 164).

If the deluge had so much work on hand, no wonder that it happened.

"The Religion of Moses" is a small volume, concisely and clearly written, with great positiveness of thought. It aims, as against modern criticism, to rehabilitate, and more than rehabilitate, Moses as the great prophet and law-giver of his people. The author regards him as the Founder of the Theistic faith of Israel. As the book, however, opens no new lines of criticism, and confines itself chiefly to a re-rendering of the facts as it conceives them, it does not much alter the question at issue.

"The Messiah of the Gospels" is a sequel to "Messianic Prophecy," and it itself opens the way for a third volume yet to appear on the Messiah of the Epistles and Apocalypse. The present volume discusses the Messianic ideas which immediately preceded the Gospels, and the Messiah as presented by each Evangelist. It also considers the apocalypse of Jesus as given in the synoptic Gospels. The work is a laborious and scholarly one, but is severely trammelled by the conception that these various forms of anticipation have a definite prophetic hold on history. Every form of faith, springing from a spiritual interpretation of events, must give rise to a forecast of coming events. This forecast constitutes its apocalyptic temper, and is a matter of interest as a disclosure of its own character. When, however, these conceptions lose their living speculative force, and are transformed into a vision of coming events, they become perplexing, and, in a large measure, profitless riddles. How much acumen has been wasted on Revelation! There cannot well be a more marked inversion of ideas than to suppose that the anticipations of history control history itself, are inseparably associated with it. The Professor is compelled, by the want of conformity of events with the shadows of them in men's minds, to defer the fulfilment of these prophetic ideas.

"We have gone rapidly over the eleven Messianic ideals of the Old Testament, and have found only a single one of them, the suffering prophet, was entirely fulfilled by the earthly life of Jesus. . . . It is clear, therefore, that the vast majority of the predictions of the Old Testament prophets and the great mass of their ideals were taken up by Jesus into his predictive prophecy and projected into the future" (page 336).

It remains to be seen whether the final volume will still leave these Messianic ideas in the air.

The title "Simon Peter, His Later Life and Labors," is somewhat misleading. The book seems to be made up of brief evening lectures, whose unity is chiefly found in the fact that the passage of Scripture selected has usually some connection with Peter. The apostle and his experiences are viewed as a text rather than as a study. As lectures, the several chapters are popular and effective rather than critical and instructive. The volume contains some fine pictorial illustrations.

"Saint Paul and His Missions" is a book which aims to give a vivid historical foreground to the missionary life of St. Paul. It is a book of an excellent kind, and admirable of its kind. A distinct and realistic character in the circumstances and

events which surrounded the apostle makes that great figure in human history more familiar and impressive to us, and tends ultimately to a more just estimate of his works on a basis of facts. History and geography contribute freely to the purpose of the writer, and his book is both agreeable and instructive.

"St. Paul's Conception of Christianity" offers a very full, discriminating, and candid discussion of the doctrinal beliefs of St. Paul, the constructive outline of his religious theory. The author recognizes the fact that the conception of salvation, as entertained by St. Paul, is diverse from that involved in the words of Christ, though he softens the difference between them. Our Lord makes spiritual development a perfectly open and normal movement in human life. The disciple is as a child with God. Nothing intervenes to disturb them. All progress is growth — an enlarged interplay of vital impulses between them. St. Paul, on the other hand, profoundly influenced by his own misleading experiences and futile efforts, believes that legal barriers lie athwart the upward way, and are to be removed as a condition of salvation. Thus the death of Christ is not merely an appeal to the heart of man, but makes new relations with God possible to him.

Much of the confusion and controversy in theology have arisen from an effort to reconcile and make identical the perfectly free naturalistic conception of Christ with the artificial and arbitrary one of St. Paul. The moment we are content to accept a radical diversity in these two outlooks on the spiritual world, the binding power of dogma gives way, and the spiritual world becomes to us a new creation. In this particular — the free recognition of the diversities of belief involved in the New Testament—"The Gospel and its Earliest Interpretations," by Rev. Orello Cone, D.D., recently noticed by us (THE DIAL, Sept. 16, 1893), is a most penetrative and able volume.

"The Old Church in the New Land" is made up of pleasant and instructive lectures on the church history of England, given by a rector to his people. They naturally show the lively interest of the speaker and audience in the subject, and are somewhat less critical and impartial than they would have been, offered as general history to indifferent or unfriendly readers. Churchmen frequently suffer from being closely connected with a great church whose greatness they fully appreciate. Like a member of a large college, or the citizen of a large city, they become confused in their standards of measurement. Our author says of Queen Elizabeth, that "she put none to death for religious convictions; if there were some that died for their opinions, it was not because those opinions were religious, but because they were political."

The next author we have to consider, Rev. John W. Chadwick, incidentally affirms that good Queen Bess burned one Arian in 1583 and another in 1585. Unitarianism is not a belief—it is the freedom of belief, the liberty to pursue truth in one's own way through all its wide field. It is natural that such a faith should call out bold, earnest spirits, and that they should feel much confidence and enthusiasm in their intellectual attitude. They inhale mountain air, and cannot but exult in its tonic force. When they are able to unite to this temper, tenderness and a wide sympathy with the wants of men, they become very lovable. Few among them surpass, in these best characteristics of their kind, Mr. John W. Chadwick. His latest volume is a history of Unitarians, broken into parts and shaped to the definite purpose of impressing anew upon his audience some pregnant principle, imparting a large outlook. One who has sought for truth diligently and found it with difficulty may well have an enthusiasm of presentation quite his own. The first discourse and the last discourse are more general, but the intermediate ones take up particular subjects—"The Doctrine of Man," "Concerning God," "The Future Life,"— and consider them first in their historical development, and then press them home as the victories of spiritual life. The whole soul of the author is in this gathering in of sheaves. Take the passage under The Bible:

"And still, though much is taken, much abides for those who are capable of serious study: a splendid prosess of religious evolution sweeping through a thousand years of busy, checkered time. Never at any time before was the study of the Bible so rich and so rewarding as it is now, and never before was it pursued among us with such enthusiasm and such large results" (page 107).

Or this passage, under "The Doctrine of Man":

"For I hold that nothing is more sure than this: that underlying and overtopping every other necessity of our industrial organization is the necessity, on the part of the employer, of seeing in every workman at his forges or his looms, in his quarries or his mines, not merely so much 'labor,' and not merely an industrial machine, but a fellow-creature, a human being, a conscious soul, a brother man whom he must not treat with any least indignity or disrespect" (page 43).

The two remaining volumes are practical. The first, "Religious Progress," is a comprehensive, penetrative, and admirable estimate of Christian development, and men's part in it, as made up of conflicting yet compensatory forces. The synthesis of high character and of spiritual growth is not primarily a logical one, but a coalescing of many forces in a wide upward movement. We press forward by some hidden insight; we harken backward to things we were ready to lose; we close up the ranks and once more renew the march.

"It is a lesson we are slow to learn, that opposites are closely, even vitally related; that hostile attitudes which seem irreconcilable may both be true. Our own experience or the experience of history may reveal to us the ease, the naturalness of the transition from one extreme to another" (page 9).

"But, at least, the lessons of history, the experience of the Church, our own individual experience as well,

may teach us, and comfort us by teaching, that opposing aspects of truth do not neutralize or destroy each other. The reformers who speak so confidently about this or that phase of ecclesiastical thought or practice as destined soon to disappear, may be, and probably in most cases are, too sanguine" (page 112).

"When we discern the true value of our differences, while we shall hold them more firmly, we shall also more easily subordinate them to the higher virtue of Christian charity" (page 137).

The last work on our list is made up of Sermons by Canon Liddon, touching chiefly clerical service. An ardent, consecrated temper comes forth in this volume. We feel that we are in contact with one whose soul is pushing forth toward life, the life of us all.

One may easily feel, when reading the words of Unitarians,—these men are too belligerent, too constantly stripped to the waist, too intensely and unbrokenly intellectual; that the soul does not live by bread alone. Many flawed and broken walls are overturned,—but what of the vines that clung to them? One wishes the fellowship of devout servants of truth, to sit, for a little, where faith and life unfold themselves quietly under unseen forces, and raise no questions of doubt. Such a desire the words of Robertson and of Liddon meet and satisfy. Listening to them, we care not particularly whether the strength of the underlying thought is absolute or not. Few cables are so strong that they cannot be strained, and some fibre snapped; but we swing by them in safety all the same. JOHN BASCOM.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Dante complete in one volume.

"Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri Nuovamente Rivedute nel Testo da [why not dal?] Dr. E. Moore" (Macmillan)—such is the title of a volume just issued from the Oxford University Press. The whole works of Dante, Italian and Latin, within a single pair of covers—if the thing has ever been done before, it has escaped our notice; certainly it has never been done, as now, in "un volume portatile, e quasi tascabile." And since it was left to be done by an Englishman, the unanimous suffrage of students will agree that Dr. Moore was *facile princeps* among those competent to do it. The book, in which not a word of English occurs, contains three things: an Introduction by the editor, the Works, and an Index of proper names and *cose notabili* by Mr. Paget Toynbee. There are 490 double-columned pages of fifty-one lines each, something less than half the matter in the "Globe" Shakespeare. The type is small but readable, being somewhat larger faced as well as leaded. Dr. Moore has been catholic in his inclusions, and gives us everything that any student of Dante is likely to expect, even the "Quæstio de Aqua et Terra," "I Sette Salmi Penetenziali," and the "Professione di Fede," *robaccia* though the latter be. Only the "Letter" to Guido da Polenta is missing; and this, as the editor says, "no one would hesitate to condemn in Scartazzini's energetic terms as *sciocca impostura*." Dr. Moore expresses his attitude towards criticism of the canon, when he says that "the negative dogmatism of recent critics is no less to be condemned than the too easy credulity of the ancients." In which opinion we, having in mind, among other things, Herr Scartazzini's rejection of the Letter "Amico Florentino," most heartily concur. We might say parenthetically, that other editors would do well to adopt Dr. Moore's attitude towards the canon of his author. Dr. Skeat's "Chaucer," for example, would have been made far more useful had it included the text of the disputed and even of the rejected works. Dr. Moore has taken his text from many sources. Witte is followed with minute variations, for the "Vita Nuova," the "De Monarchia," and the "Commedia." But in the case of the latter work, the editor has felt justified in going outside the four texts followed by Witte, and in introducing emendations from the various texts that have come to light since Witte's publication of 1862. For the minor works, the text of Fraticelli is mainly followed, supplemented by the Grenoble Codex for the "De Vulgari Eloquio." The disposition of the "Canzonieri" has been entrusted to Mr. York Powell. The hardest work of the editor has been done with "Il Convito." He has made what may fairly be called a reconstruction of the text, although always working in a spirit of admirable conservatism, and brought into comparison for the first time the two codices owned in England, one by the editor, the other by the Bodleian. These codices, with readings from Fraticelli, Giuliani, and others, with the aid of Witte's "Centuriæ Correctionum," and of the "Saggio" of the Milanese editors, constitute the basis of the new text, which is no unimportant jewel in the crown of Dr. Moore's scholarship. A word must be said of Mr. Toynbee's Index, for which every student will be thankful. It is an index of proper names and of subjects, whether mentioned by name or merely *referred to*, and in the latter case, allusions merely conjectural are discriminated from those of which there is no doubt. The entries "Papa" and "Papi," for example, "Cristo," "Dio," and "Virgilio," bring together all references to those subjects throughout the works. This is a feature of great value, and, as there are no notes, is the only piece of apparatus supplied. Dr. Moore's edition of Dante certainly ought to become the standard work for textual reference, just as the "Globe" Shakespeare has so become in its own department.

Prof. Haeckel's confession of scientific faith.

"Monism as Connecting Religion and Science" (Macmillan) is the title of a lecture by Professor Ernst Haeckel, delivered at Altenburg in 1892, and now translated by Dr. J. Gilchrist. This "confession of faith of a man of science" is a rapid sketch of the triumphs achieved by investigation and the inductive method during the present century, and a

statement of the attitude toward fundamental questions of philosophy that the truly scientific thinker (according to Professor Haeckel) is bound to assume. The writer is firmly convinced that this "monistic confession" is shared "by at least nine-tenths of the men of science now living." In fact, the writer believes it to be shared "by all men of science in whom the following four conditions are realized: (1) Sufficient acquaintance with the various departments of natural science, and in particular with the modern doctrine of evolution; (2) Sufficient acuteness and clearness of judgment to draw, by induction and deduction, the necessary logical consequences that flow from such empirical knowledge; (3) Sufficient moral courage to maintain the monistic knowledge, so gained, against the attacks of hostile dualistic and pluralistic systems; and (4) Sufficient strength of mind to free himself, by sound, independent reasoning, from dominant religious prejudices, and especially from those irrational dogmas which have been firmly lodged in our minds from earliest youth as indisputable revelations." This is certainly an excellent statement of the conditions under which a man may claim to be in full possession of the fund of scientific knowledge painfully accumulated by the ages, but we fear that the author is unduly optimistic in his claim that "nine-tenths of the men of science now living" can meet all four conditions. As for the monistic system so frankly set forth in Professor Haeckel's essay, it is undoubtedly a fair statement of that view of the universe as an object upon which all the sciences seem to converge. But besides this "Welt als Vorstellung" there is the world in its inner subjective aspect—Schopenhauer's "Welt als Wille" and Kant's "Ding an Sich"; and of this world, or even of the possibility of its existence, Professor Haeckel's essay gives no intimation. To him, the world of matter, the world of differentiated ether and energy, is the one real thing; that this world is conditioned by the subject, and inconceivable apart from the subject, is a view that seems to be unintelligible to our materialistic monist, although it is the view of every deep thinker whose name has left an impress upon the history of philosophy.

Voyages in Antarctic seas.

With the exception of a flying visit made in 1874 by H. M. S. Challenger, the Antarctic regions have been neglected by scientists since Ross's expedition in 1839–1843. An incident of commerce led, in the autumn of 1892, to a slight renewal of scientific interest. A fleet of four whalers was sent out from Dundee, Scotland, to search the Antarctic seas for Bowhead whales — which may be termed, for the benefit of the ignorant, "whalebone whales," with "golden heads" in every sense, for these whales are worth three thousand pounds apiece, thanks to Dame Fashion. They did not see one Bowhead—though they were in the ice over two months—nor any other whales of any value, or worth catching; and the expedition cost twenty-eight thousand pounds. They found and captured plenty of seals, which were not, however, fur-seals; and the killing of them proved tedious, exhausting, dirty, bloody, and brutal work. Important scientific results or data appear to have been as lacking as the Bowheads. The story of the trip has been told and illustrated by the artist of the expedition, Mr. W. G. Burn Murdoch, in a work entitled "From Edinburgh to the Antarctic" (Longmans). It is amusing through its descriptions of sailor's life, though it is not wholly novel in narration. Much adscititious "padding" in the shape of well-worn sailors' yarns—exceedingly ancient junk of the merchant-service—is preserved in the amber of the pages. And much general flippancy of diction detracts from the seriousness of description and impression; but the author begs for some change, as it is "so tedious always writing about snow and mist and bleeding seals." Perhaps he should be allowed — to use Sydney Smith's phrase—"to speak disrespectfully of the Poles." The book is handsomely printed, and the illustrations are spirited—though, from the confined scope of boats and ice, somewhat monotonous. The work closes with an appeal for a national scientific expedition to the Antarctic regions, "to show that the Britain of to-day is not behind the Britain of our fathers."

A study in Negro dialect.

An admirable example of the scientific treatment of dialect, recently advocated in THE DIAL, is furnished by a monograph entitled "Les Sons et les Formes du Créole dans les Antilles," written by M. René de Póyen-Bellisle of the University of Chicago, and published by Messrs. John Murphy & Co., Baltimore. The author is a native of Guadeloupe, and combines an intimate knowledge of the language of the negro as he heard it in infancy and childhood, with a scientific training in phonetics and general linguistics. Of chief interest to the general reader are the appended specimens of fables, rhymes, proverbs, and enigmas, which constitute most of the material for the investigation. We meet the characters of "Br'er Rabbit" and "Br'er Fox," so familiar in the folk-lore of the negroes in the Southern States, in Compère Lapin and Compère Zamba of the Guadeloupe fable; and the story of "The Tar Baby" appears essentially as it is given in "Uncle Remus." The proverbs and enigmas are charming in their *naïveté*, and some of them have almost a poetic quality, as, "The white man's eyes burn into those of the negro," or "There is one who burns his heart for the pleasure of the company: Answer, a candle." The treatment of sounds and inflections is exhaustive, and is full of interest and instruction to the student of language. The author shows conclusively that the language of the negro slave of Guadeloupe is unmixed French (which is not true of any of the other "Creole" dialects), being an adaptation of the speech of his master to his own primitive needs and capacity; and he has succeeded in explaining many disguised words and phrases

which might lead a more superficial observer to suspect African or other influence. We commend the study as a model to those who wish to contribute something of real value to the knowledge of dialects and folk-lore.

Travels in the Sandwich Islands.

Open disdain of travels and travellers has often been held to be characteristic of the English people. It certainly has been of more than one great literary man. Quoth the great Dr. Johnson, pointing contemptuously to three volumes of Voyages to the South Sea, "Who will read them? there can be little entertainment in them; one set of savages is just like another." Yet the book of Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop on "Six Months in the Sandwich Islands" (Putnam) has been through five editions in England before its present reprint in America. It was written over twenty years ago; and thus is not old enough to have acquired any of the dignity of ancient history, nor is it new enough to have any freshness. It is in the form of letters written to a sister; and had its four hundred and twenty pages been shortened by judicious "editing" it would have been more interesting. The really important chapters are those that relate to the visits to, explorations around, and inquiries about the volcanoes. These wonders she explored most thoroughly and intelligently, and gives her reports of them in clear and vivid sentences. Her accounts of sociological and ethnological details are not specially valuable, because her visit was made at a time when the islanders were already much affected by civilized, religious, social, and mental training. Her account of the Leper settlement, for example, seems very bare, for we now know so much more of its effects and results. Dr. Johnson's dictum that "one set of savages is just like another" seems true; for the customs of the Hawaiian savages recounted in this book bear a strong resemblance to those related by Pierre Loti, at the same date, of the island of Tahiti; but the transcendent glamour of the beautiful French romance is wholly lacking in these prosaic letters.

Decorative bookbinding.

Mr. Herbert P. Horne has produced, in "The Binding of Books" (Scribner's Sons), what is doubtless the most comprehensive and valuable essay on the decorative features of bookbinding that has appeared in English. The subject is one of continually growing interest, and there have been many valuable contributions to its literature since Miss Prideaux compiled her bibliography. Mr. Horne's work is quite technical in character as is to be inferred from its sub-title, "An Essay in the History of Gold-Tooled Bindings." It deals familiarly with such mysteries of the craft as "making up and sewing," "backing and rounding," "beating," "lacing," "heading-banding," "covering," etc., which are treated with considerable detail in the opening chapter. Other chapters are devoted to early Italian bindings, French bindings, and English bindings. Mr. Horne believes, with many others, that since the death of Le Gascon, somewhat grandiloquently styled "the Evening Star of bookbinding in France," little progress has been made in original designing. "More inspiration and less perspiration" is urged as necessary to a revival of the art, and this we cannot hope for until book-lovers and patrons of the art are willing to employ creative artists instead of imitative artisans. Readers of Mr. Horne's pages will note an unpleasant peculiarity in the excessive use of commas, colons, semi-colons, etc., making his text strongly suggestive of that *pointellé* style of decoration more appropriate on the covers. They will, however, pardon more than this for the interest and value of his work.

Life of Macready.

Among those who have rendered enduring services to dramatic art and literature, the name of Macready will always hold a high place. He had lofty ideals, not only of acting but of dramatic composition. He strove to elevate and increase the acting repertory of the English stage, and in this admirable and disinterested endeavor he enlisted the services of Bulwer, Sheridan Knowles, and Talfourd, some of whose best plays were written at his suggestion or with his collaboration. The story of these labors forms the most pleasing portions of Mr. W. T. Price's "Life of William Charles Macready" (Brentano's). But while Macready as a force in dramatic art merits our praise, unfortunately Macready as a man excites quite other feelings. The morbidness, the temper, and other unhappy traits of his character, can be regarded only with aversion. But, as his biographer justly remarks, "Any honest life of Macready must treat with equal frankness his distinct characteristics as an actor and as a man." And so by this volume once more we are forced to wonder that one personality could be compounded of elements so worthy and so petty. The book is not well written; Mr. Price's English constructions are so peculiar, and often so incorrect, that the reader is vexed at the poor use of good material. The publisher's part, however, is well done.

Representative American poems.

"American Song," by Mr. Arthur B. Simonds (Putnam), is further described on the title page as "a collection of representative American poems, with analytical and critical studies of the writers, with introduction and notes." This title leaves little to add by way of explanation of the editor's aim. The "analytical and critical studies" are, however, so very brief as to be of little value. They exhibit a tendency to take too seriously some very minor poets, and an occasional freakishness of judgment. The work has five sections. There are "Classics" (Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Poe, *Very*, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes), "Preëminent Later Writers" (Whitman, Taylor, Lanier), "Forerunners" (Freneau, Halleck, Drake, Saxe, and a dozen more), "At Sword's Points" (war lyrics by various hands),

and "Contemporaries" (Parsons, Mr. Higginson, Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Gilder, Mr. Woodberry, and two dozen others). Most of these lesser singers have but a single poem each, and it is sometimes surprising to note the editor's selection. The facts stated are accurate, as far as we have observed. We may note that the deaths of Lucy Larcom and Celia Thaxter are not recorded. The book has been planned both for school use and for general reading.

Etiquette in Washington.

A sixth edition is now issued of Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren's standard manual of "The Social-Official Etiquette of the United States" (Murphy & Co., Baltimore). A moment's reflection makes the uses of Mrs. Dahlgren's book apparent. Washington etiquette being, as the author shows, largely a thing apart and *sui generis*, it is plain that one may be enviably *au fait* of social usages generally, and still be as ignorant as a Comanche of those peculiar to the federal capital. Mrs. Dahlgren sets forth the special rules of the Washington code clearly and explicitly; and where the authorities differ — as on certain nice points of official precedence still unsettled — she debates the matter *pro* and *con* with great constitutional learning and a becoming sense of the gravity of her theme. To the newly-returned member and his aspiring family the little book should prove a real blessing. Fortified by its precepts, the novice may venture upon the troubled sea of the semi-official society of Washington with a comparatively light heart.

BRIEFER MENTION.

A beautiful cover imitative of Venetian mosaic, a great number of charming illustrations, and two hundred and fifty pages of rather indifferent text, are the gifts brought to us by "Venezia," a sumptuous quarto volume imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The text, except for a brief and perfunctory introduction by Mr. H. D. Traill, is "adapted" from the German of Herr Henry Perl by Mrs. Arthur Bell. The illustrations, more than two hundred in number, are by well-known Italian artists of the modern school, and certainly give us a most lifelike picture of the Venice and the Venetians of to-day.

Our recent lengthy review of Dr. Skeat's edition of Chaucer makes superfluous any critical comment upon the one-volume edition of the text now published (Macmillan), and gracefully dedicated to the University of Halle in return for the honorary degree last year conferred by that institution upon the editor. We now have, in a single compact tome, the entire text of Chaucer in 732 double-columned pages; an introduction of 22 pages on biography, grammar, verse, and pronunciation; and a "Glossarial Index" of 149 pages. All students of English poetry will be grateful for this edition, which, for the first time in five centuries, offers a good text at a moderate price.

The ground covered by Mrs. Alice Morse Earle's popular work on "The Sabbath in Puritan New England" is again gone over, — in some respects more minutely, in others less, — by Mr. William Root Bliss, in his "Side Glimpses from the New England Meeting-House" (Houghton). Mr. Bliss dedicates his book to Mrs. Earle, whom he styles "My fellow traveller along the byways and hedges of Colonial New England." Whether or no we are to infer that the volume is in some sort the result of actual collaboration is not quite clear.

A little book called "Theatrical Sketches" (The Merriam Company) is a collection of stories about the stage and stage people, derived apparently in large part from personal knowledge. Being well told, and as a rule somewhat amusing, they will serve to entertain those who take pleasure in gossip of this kind. The illustrations consist of good pictures of Messrs. Kyrle Bellew, James W. Morrissey, and Maurice Barrymore; also of Lester Wallack, Edwin Booth, and Dion Boucicault, each in some favorite character.

"Bartholomew Fair," "Cynthia's Revels," and "Sejanus" fill the second volume of the "Mermaid" selection from the plays of Ben Jonson (imported by Scribner). A third volume will complete the selection, and we may incidentally remark that it will round to a full score the volumes of this admirable series. Professor Herford, who edited the first of the Jonson volumes, has withdrawn from the work, and no editor's name now appears upon the title-page, although the brief introductions to the separate plays are in the first person. The frontispiece is a portrait of Richard Burbage.

"Ideals and Institutions: Their Parallel Development," is the title of a dissertation presented to the University of Minnesota by Mr. John Ernest Merrill, and now issued from the Hartford Seminary Press. The author has made a careful study of Greek, Roman, and Teutonic institutions, and the essential part of his preliminary thesis is that the institution is the product of the antecedent national ideal, although of course he does not refuse to admit that the former may react upon the latter. The treatment of the subject is largely metaphysical as well as historical, and these two phases are, in fact, discussed in separate sections of the work. Numerous tables and charts summarize the investigations made by the writer, and a list of authorities is appended.

The essay on Giovanni Boccaccio as Man and Author (imported by Scribner), of which the literary executors of John Addington Symonds have made a thin octavo volume, is little more than a re-statement of the matter already familiar to readers of Symonds's great history of the Renaissance. It is, in a way, interesting to have the matter all by itself, but one cannot help thinking that a book devoted solely to the immortal author of "Il Decamerone" ought to be a good deal more of a book than this one proves to be. The main facts are here, and the most obvious comments, but little more, and there is so much more to say!

The "Smithsonian Report" for 1893 is of double the usual size, and is one of the most valuable documents lately issued from the Government Printing Office. The value, of course, resides in the Appendix, with its reprints of the most important scientific papers of the year, noticeable among which is Mr. Otis T. Mason's "North American Bows, Arrows, and Quivers," with over fifty full-page plates. Flying machines, Arctic exploration, biological stations, photography, meteorology, anthropology, and Oriental scholarship, are a few of the subjects dealt with in the remaining papers.

WOOD WITCHERY.

The way ran under boughs of checkered green
Where live things stirred, and sweet lights glinted through,
And airs were cool and scented; well I knew
It was New England, but this fresh demesne
Was full of fabled folk no eye hath seen
Yet every poet's heart must take for true:
Dryads and hamadryads, satyrs too,
And fountain-nymphs, and trolls of freakish mien.

Then, like a flash, the oneness of the world
Broke on me; mythland was not here or there,
But whereso'er shy Fancy had unfurled
Her wings, perceiving Nature young and fair;
New England spelt but Arcady, the same
Unaging beauty by another name.

RICHARD BURTON.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, March 25, 1895.

The pressure of topics requiring "mention" has never been greater than during the present Spring publishing season. One looks, almost with dismay, on the incoming rush of announcements of new books, which flutter down like the doves of San Marco at the breakfast hour. So it behooves one to disregard them for the present, and confine one's attention to a few subjects of insistant importance.

The bill making possible the incorporation of "The New York Public Library: Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundation," has passed our Senate and House, and now awaits Governor Morton's signature. The consolidated board of trustees is to be composed of twenty-one members—seven for each of the original foundations. The endowments and property interests represent, as already stated in this correspondence, about $8,000,000. The interest from all the productive investments amounts to about $140,000 annually. Should the Lenox Library building and land be sold, this would be vastly increased. And herein lies the crucial point of the whole question. Will the city of New York give this public library a site in a central and accessible part of the city? When I say city, I include much more than Manhattan Island and Westchester county. In a certain sense, all of Long Island and half of the state of New Jersey are now a part of the Greater New York. A few details are needed here. There is at the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, within one minute's walk of the Grand Central Station, a stone structure known as the "receiving reservoir." It has long been useless, having been supplanted many years ago by our present aqueduct system. It covers a space of ground which would permit of a library containing four millions of books. It adjoins Bryant Park, one of our city squares. On either side run the longitudinal elevated railroad systems which connect the Battery with the North Side and Westchester county. Various street-car lines run east and west on Forty-second street, connecting with all other tramways and with all our ferries. In fact, this place is both the physical and the geographical centre of New York. In any other city, this site would be inevitable for such a purpose; but after letting this useless stone structure lie where it is for twenty years, objection is now made to giving the site for a library, on the ground that the land is needed to enlarge Bryant Park. The reservoir plot is now undoubtedly the most valuable piece of land in the city. To purchase an equally convenient site would require an appropriation for which ten times the amount of land could be bought in the tenement districts of the city where small parks are needed. With the reservoir site, and with the aid of the stone of which the reservoir is built, the trustees could erect a noble building, suitable for its purpose, and without encroaching upon their invested funds. This plan, of course, would involve the sale of the Lenox Library site. I trust that those people who are opposing this inspiring plan will think better of their action.

While the mercantile and commercial districts of New York are extending up-town, the increasing populations of Long Island and New Jersey long since made it plain that the business centre of the city must remain far below Central Park. The lofty buildings now going up all over the lower end of Manhattan Island are an unfailing indication of this. The lower part of the city will thus be the centre of a population spreading in every direction except the southeast. Meanwhile, the publishing houses have established their own business centre along Fifth avenue and the adjacent streets, from Eighth street to Twenty-third street. A few still remain in the vicinity of Astor Place. Among these latter are Messrs. George Routledge's Sons; the Funk & Wagnalls Co.; Henry T. Thomas; E. B. Treat; E. & J. B. Young & Co.; Arthur Hinds; Frederick Warne & Co.; Thomas Whittaker; E. R. Pelton; the Humboldt Publishing Co.; great printing houses like Theodore L. De Vinne & Co. and J. J. Little & Co.; and such periodicals as "The Outlook," "The Review of Reviews," "The Literary Digest," "Current Literature," "Public Opinion," and "The Churchman." Around the corner from these, on Broadway, are the American Book Company and Charles T. Dillingham, but the former will soon remove its quarters further up-town. Beginning with Ninth street, between Broadway and Fifth avenue, the peripatetic author in quest of a publisher may observe the sign-boards of Messrs. Bryan, Taylor & Co.; E. L. Kellog & Co.; Rand, McNally & Co.; A. C. Armstrong & Son; A. S. Barnes & Co.; John Wiley & Sons; Fords, Howard & Hulbert; Maynard, Merrill & Co.; William Wood & Co.; A. Lovell & Co.; D. C. Heath & Co.; D. G. Francis; Macmillan & Co.; Brentano's; The Century Co.; Ginn & Co.; Transatlantic Publishing Co.; D. Appleton & Co.; Merrill & Baker; The Merriam Co.; Leach, Shewell & Sanborn; J. Selwin Tait & Sons; Wm. Beverley Harrison; the Judge Publishing Co.; Cassell Publishing Co.; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Longmans, Green, & Co.; Thomas Nelson & Sons; Wm. Evarts Benjamin; T. Y. Crowell & Co.; the Baker & Taylor Co.; the Werner Co.; the Fleming H. Revell Co.; James Pott & Co.; Lovell, Coryell & Co.; Hunt & Eaton; Dodd, Mead & Co.; Charles Scribner's Sons; A. D. F. Randolph Co.; G. P. Putnam's Sons; E. P. Dutton & Co.; Henry Holt & Co.; George W. Dillingham; and about one hundred magazines and periodicals, a score of which are known the world over.

Now, what an absurdity it would be, in spite of the fact that our new library is to be a popular institution, to shove it up above the lower end of Central Park, and out of reach of all these publishing houses and their myriad workers!

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

University Life at Leipzig.

(Special Correspondence of The Dial.)

Leipzig, March 10, 1895.

The University of Leipzig was founded in 1409, by German scholars from Prag, who left that city during the Huss troubles. It immediately took high rank among the universities of Europe, and is to-day the third in Germany in point of numbers, Berlin and Munich standing ahead. Most of the revenues come from lands granted the university in its early days by one of the Electors, and from valuable property in the very heart of the city. The annual income is stated at about two hundred thousand dollars, which seems at first thought a small sum for the maintenance of so large an institution; but in view of the comparatively small pay-roll, the amount assumes larger proportions. The uninitiated, in looking over the *Verzeichness* (calendar), might wonder where the money comes from which is necessary to salary such an army of teachers. But the surprise ceases on learning that only the professors *ordinarius* receive salaries, the professors *extraordinarius* and the *privat-docents* having only student fees for compensation. For example, under the head of Germanic Philology nine names appear, but only three are those of professors proper. The amount of the salary differs among the different professorships, which vary greatly in this respect, some of them being heavily endowed by private benefactors. The head professor of Philosophy receives from the university about twenty-five hundred dollars, which amount is swelled to over four thousand by fees. The latter are comparatively small. The student pays, on entering the university, a matriculation fee of twenty marks; and for each course he hears during his residence, four marks an hour, with a mark and a half added for the *Famulus* and use of a seat. Thus, if the course occupies five hours a week, he pays twenty-one and a half marks for the whole semester. The *Seminars* are free, with the exception of the one mark for the *Famulus*. The latter is a relic of the middle ages. He is always a student, presumably poor and deserving, and serves the professor as a sort of private janitor. He looks after the ventilation, keeps the blackboard clean, posts notices, and performs other services of a similar character. A more dignified office of the *Famulus* is that of go-between for professor and student. The latter never addresses the former on the street or university premises. If the student must see the professor in person, he makes a formal call at the latter's place of residence. Otherwise all inquiries are addressed to the *Famulus*, who alone has acccess to the sacred presence. There is no hovering about the professor's desk, or speaking with him in the corridors. On the very minute for the beginning of the lecture, the *Famulus* opens the door, the professor enters, ascends the rostrum, begins "*Meine Herren*," closes at the stroke of the bell, gathers up his manuscript, and is gone amid the applause (made by the feet) of the audience. In the *Seminars*, at the arrival and departure of the professor, everybody stands. This professional sacredness is said not to exist at the younger universities, and is especially characteristic of Leipzig.

The university has but little to boast of in the way of architecture. The Augusteum, the seat of the Philosophical Faculty, is in process of reconstruction. It will be a fine building when completed. In the meantime the lectures are held in an old hospital, without comfort or convenience. The seats are the rudest benches in the style of those used in the country schoolhouses of long ago. Perhaps the oldest of the university buildings is the Church of St. Paul, originally belonging to the monastery of like name, which was absorbed by the university in its early days. In this plain old church the university preacher holds service every Sunday morning. Not long ago it was the scene of the funeral of the late Professor Hildebrand, on which occasion the long procession of *Verein* students, with gay colored caps, high boots, swords, and banners, contrasted strangely with the somber edifice and solemn ceremony.

The student does not play so important a *rôle* in Leipzig as in the smaller university towns. Still, he is very much in evidence on the streets, where he is inclined to occupy more space than rightfully belongs to him. The majority of the students are members of some *Verein*, but only a comparatively small number wear colors. The object of most of these societies is serious, although the convivial element is not neglected. The corps student with slashed face is not prominent.

The daily life of the German student is not attractive. He rents a room, usually of humble people, who furnish him his morning coffee; his dinner he eats at some restaurant; buys his supper, of rye bread and sausage, on the way home from his late lecture or afternoon's lounging, and eats it alone, without the encumbrance of knife, fork, and plate. Unless he has friends in the city, or brings with him letters of introduction, he has no society outside of his fellow-students. But this satisfies him, and he is never at a loss for entertainment. If all else fail, the *Kneipe* is always open, and ready to furnish its peculiar solace. The average student does not expect to work much during the first semester, and often the *Bummelzeit* lasts longer. Unless he belongs to the fast set, he attends lectures with a fair amount of regularity, and keeps up his notes, but that is all. While this sounds to his disadvantage, it really has some excuse. After the long grind in the gymnasium, the young German is entitled to some lightening of labor. He finds plenty of opportunity to *dig* before his university career is over. There are scholarships and funds for poor students; also the *Convict*, an eating-house where free dinners are furnished to those holding tickets. Our American system of self-help is unknown. To perform any kind of manual labor would be a disgrace.

The relation between student and professor is a distant one. The two seldom come together, except on formal occasions. The professor has perhaps a slight acquaintance with all the members of his *Seminar*, and may entertain them occasionally at his home. There are a few grand social functions during each semester, to which those students with social introductions are invited. Among them are the *Professorium*, a faculty reception and ball, when the young men have the opportunity of meeting the professors' wives and dancing with their daughters.

Following the example of his predecessor, the learned King John, the present King visits the university once a year in the capacity of *Rector Magnificissimus*. He attends a few lectures, especially those of newly appointed professors, and inspects any changes or improvements made during the year. Naturally these are important occasions for both student and professor. Not long ago the writer assisted at one of these visits. His Majesty in uniform, accompanied by her Majesty, attended by a numerous suite, and escorted by the *Rector Magnificus* wearing his chain of office, was made comfortable in an arm-chair before the reading-desk. The *Herr* Professor

appeared in a dress suit and white gloves, and the *Famulus* in a long-tailed coat of black broadcloth. The lecture proceeded as usual and was closed by a rousing *Hoch* to their Majesties.

To the above some facts may be added concerning the status of women at the University of Leipzig. Their attendance has always been in theory forbidden; but professors fell into the practice of failing to discover their presence in the lecture halls. Three years ago, eleven women were thus pursuing studies, expecting to secure degrees from less conservative institutions for work which was actually done at Leipzig. This group included American, English, and Russian women, and one daughter of the Fatherland, Fräulein Käthe Windschied, who secured the doctor's degree a year ago at the University of Heidelberg. Recently, conservatism has increased. Young women who were seeking only a veneer of foreign culture had begun to swell the number in attendance at lectures. Professors took their patronage of the more attractive courses for light treatment of serious things. Some of them have therefore excluded all representatives of the sex even from the *rôle* of unseen listeners. At present four women, two from the United States, one from England, and one from Germany, are attending courses of lectures which they have chosen with the purpose of taking degrees at other universities. An eminent professor told one of these that if she entered his lecture room he would not see her. As for the higher education of women, he did not disapprove of it under all circumstances; but in Germany the professions were already crowded and offered them no place for a career. Therefore, to prepare for professional life would only increase their discontent.

ELLEN C. HINSDALE.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Maarten Maartens," for the first time in years, has passed the winter in Holland.

The members of the Authors Club of New York will give a reception to their friends the publishers, on the eleventh of this month.

Professor Blackie is said some time ago to have turned his papers over to a friend, with a view to the preparation of a biography.

Mr. G. von Gizycki, of Berlin, well-known among the leaders of the "ethical movement," died on the 3rd of March, at the age of forty-three.

A new volume of poems by Mr. Louis J. Block, entitled "The New World, with Other Verse," will be published this Spring by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The German societies of New York have offered to the municipality a Heine monument. The offer has been accepted, and the monument, which Düsseldorf refused, will be placed in Central Park.

The expected biography of the late Professor Freeman, by Dr. Stephens, to be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., will contain many extracts from Mr. Freeman's correspondence on literary, historical, and general topics.

Mr. Charlemagne Tower, Jr., whose work on Lafayette is reviewed in this issue of THE DIAL, is a resident of Philadelphia, and has been in turn a lawyer, a railway president, and a student of history. He is forty-six years of age.

We are glad to note the performances of old English plays that are among the many indications of the good work now being done by the English departments of our colleges. A few days ago, Jonson's "Silent Woman" was given by Harvard students; while May will witness a performance of "Ralph Roister Doister" at Tufts College, under the direction of Professor D. L. Maulsby.

Without any ambitious attempt to emulate Mrs. Humphry Ward's achievement in "Marcella," "Transition," a forthcoming novel by the author of "A Superfluous Woman," is said to have been written with the express purpose of giving a truer account of the workings of a socialist mind, and the methods adopted in particular by the scientific socialists of the day, than Mrs. Ward was in a position to do.

The new Società Dantesca d'Italia has planned a collation of about 400 selected passages of the "Divina Commedia" in all the manuscripts known to exist, some 600 in number. The results are to be sent to a central committee, which is to sift and discuss and tabulate them, so as to establish families or types of text (if possible), and then select the MSS. of highest authority to serve as the foundation of a great critical edition.

The exhibition of fine book-bindings held at the Art Institute in Chicago, under the auspices of the Caxton Club, during the past month, proved a gratifying success. No such collection of books, so interesting and valuable aside from their artistic features, has ever been brought together in Chicago before, and it is doubtful if any other American city outside of New York could produce a similar exhibit, rich alike in associations and as specimens of the book-binder's art.

"That, in the United States, the English language has, with the mass of the people, degenerated into a most disgraceful condition, and that it steadily becomes more and more depraved there, no intelligent observer can question," writes Dr. Fitzedward Hall in a recent "Academy." Mr. Andrew Lang also discusses the subject, contributing this note: "Speaking loosely, and subject to correction, I think that colloquial vulgarisms of a peculiar type began to appear in American literature after 1860. If America possessed an Academy it would probably have set its face against them."

The trustees of the Crerar Library have recently taken a number of important steps towards the organization of their work. In the resolution to live upon their income, and not to impair their capital even for the purpose of providing a building, they have carried out the suggestion recently made by us, as also in their early selection of a librarian. Mr. C. W. Andrews, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who has just been chosen for their executive head, is admirably qualified for the post offered him. It is also gratifying to learn that the choice of a librarian was determined by no personal or local considerations, but by taking the best expert advice to be had. Of the resolution to make the library a collection of scientific literature, we can only say that it does not seem to us the wisest of possible decisions, however great may be the usefulness of a scientific library, and however liberal the construction of the term. The claim of the humanities is, on the whole, greater than the claim of science, particularly at a time when science gets so much more than its due share of the good things of life. But the decision is, we understand, irrevocably taken, and it is better than some plans that were reported to be under consideration.

Topics in Leading Periodicals.

April, 1895 (First List).

Bank of England, The. Henry J. W. Dam. *McClure.*
Beggars and their Lodgings. A. F. Sanborn. *Forum.*
Club Life among Outcasts. Josiah Flynt. *Harper.*
Du Maurier, George. R. H. Sherard. *McClure.*
Educational System, The Basis of our. *Atlantic.*
English Sounds, Expressive Power of. *Atlantic.*
Flower Lore of New England Children. *Atlantic.*
German Forest, The. Sidney Whitney. *Chautauquan.*
Grand Opera. Nellie Melba. *Lippincott.*
Greeley Campaign, The. E. Benj. Andrews. *Scribner.*
History and Religion. John Bascom. *Dial.*
Japan, Autumn in. Alfred Parsons. *Harper.*
Lafayette in the Am. Revolution. D. L. Shorey. *Dial.*
Leipzig, University Life at. Ellen C. Hinsdale. *Dial.*
Lottery, Suppression of the. Newman Smyth. *Forum.*
Macbeth. John Foster Kirk. *Atlantic.*
Manxland. E. Rimbault Dibdin. *Mag. of Art.*
Napoleon at Elba. Henry Houssaye. *Chautauquan.*
Orient, Travels in the. Alice Morse Earle. *Dial.*
Paris, Cheap Living in. A. F. Sanborn. *Lippincott.*
Paris in Mourning. Richard Harding Davis. *Harper.*
Pierre Loti in Private Life. Mme. Adam. *McClure.*
Prince Charles Stuart. Andrew Lang. *Scribner.*
Public Schools, Progress in the. W. T. Harris. *Harper.*
Rosebery, Lord. Justin M'Carthy. *Forum.*
Royal Family of England, The. *Chautauquan.*
Sanitary Science, Modern. J. S. Billings. *Chautauquan.*
Social Discontent, Remedies for. Henry Holt. *Forum.*
"Socialism, Quintessence of," The Real. W. Mallock. *Forum*
Stevenson, Robert Louis. C. T. Copeland. *Atlantic.*
Symonds, John Addington. *Dial.*
Table Manners, Evolution of. Lee J. Vance. *Lippincott.*
Tammany. E. J. Edwards. *McClure.*
Theatre, Art in the. W. J. Lawrence. *Mag. of Art.*
Translation, The Neglected Art of. *Dial.*
Tunnels, Great. Robert Jamison. *Chautauquan.*
Venice in Easter. Arthur Symons. *Harper.*
Washington, The City of. Julian Ralph. *Harper.*
Woman's Lot in Persia. *Lippincott.*
Women in European Universities. Alice Zimmern. *Forum.*

List of New Books.

[*The following list, containing 53 titles, includes books received by* The Dial *since its last issue.*]

GENERAL LITERATURE.

A Literary History of the English People, from the Origins to the Renaissance. By J. J. Jusserand, author of "Piers Plowman, 1363–1399." With frontispiece, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 545. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Louisiana Folk-Tales in French Dialect and English Translation. Collected and edited by Acée Fortier, D.Lt. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 122. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.

The Son of Don Juan: An Original Drama in Three Acts. By José Echegaray; trans. by James Graham. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 131. Roberts Bros. $1.

American Literature. By Mildred Cabell Watkins. 24mo, pp. 224. American Book Co. 35 cts.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD WORKS.

The Life, Adventures, and Reflections of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner. By Daniel Defoe; edited by George A. Aitken. In 3 vols., illus., gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan & Co. $3.

Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. Selected and edited, with introduction and notes, by Andrew Lang. In 2 vols., 12mo, uncut. Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

The Works of Molière. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. III., Les Femmes Savantes, and Le Malade Imaginaire; 12mo, gilt top, pp. 335. Roberts Bros. $1.50.

On the Eve. By Ivan Turgenev; trans. from the Russian by Constance Garnett. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 290. Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

HISTORY.

A Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green, M.A.; illustrated edition, edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. Vol. IV., illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 500. Harper & Bros. $5.

The Historical Geography of the Holy Land, Especially in Relation to the History of Israel and of the Early Church. By George Adam Smith, D.D. With maps, 8vo, uncut, pp. 692. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $4.50.

History of the Plague in London. By Daniel Defoe. 12mo, pp. 253. American Book Co.'s "Eclectic English Classics."

The Free Trade Struggle in England. By M. M. Trumbull. 12mo, pp. 288. Open Court Pub'g Co. Paper, 25 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King: Comprising his Letters, Speeches, Public Documents, etc. Edited by his Grandson, Charles R. King, M.D. Vol. II., 1795–1799; with portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 666. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.

The Right Hon. William E. Gladstone: A Study from Life. By Henry W. Lucy, author of "A Diary of Two Parliaments." With portrait, 12mo, pp. 255. Roberts Bros. $1.25.

POETRY.

Poems, Dramatic and Lyrical. By Lord De Tabley. Second series; 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 160. Macmillan & Co. $2.

The White Tsar and Other Poems. By Henry Bedlow. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. Boxed, $3.50.

God's Parable and Other Poems. By Susanna Massey. 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 143. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Song-Blossoms. By Julia Anna Wolcott. 12mo, pp. 258. Arena Pub'g Co. $1.25.

Pictures in Verse. By George Lansing Raymond, L.H.D., author of "A Life in Song." Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 44. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cts.

FICTION.

The Princess Aline. By Richard Harding Davis, author of "Van Bibber and Others." Illus., 12mo, pp. 163. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

The Mermaid: A Love Tale. By L. Dougall, author of "Beggars All." 12mo, pp. 290. D. Appleton & Co. $1.

The Idiot. By John Kendrick Bangs, author of "Coffee and Repartee." Illus., 16mo, pp. 115. Harper & Bros. $1.

The New Woman: In Haste and at Leisure. By E. Lynn Linton, author of "Under Which Lord." 12mo, pp. 461. The Merriam Co. $1.50.

Judge Ketchum's Romance. By Horace Annesley Vachell. 12mo, pp. 296. J. Selwin Tait & Sons. $1.

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"Out of the East": Reveries and Studies in New Japan. By Lafcadio Hearn. 12mo, pp. 341. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Memories of Italian Shores. By Mena C. Pfirshing. 12mo, pp. 175. Chicago: Printed at The Dial Press. $1.25.

Four American Universities: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia. Large 8vo, illus., gilt top, pp. 202. Harper & Bros. $3.50.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Teaching of the Vedas: What Light Does it Throw on the Origin and Development of Religion? By Maurice Phillips. 12mo, uncut, pp. 240. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.75.

As Others Saw Him: A Retrospect, A.D. 54. 12mo, uncut, pp. 217. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

The Parables by the Lake. By W. H. Thomson, LL.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 159. Harper & Bros. $1.25.

Thoughts on Religion. By the late George John Romanes, M.A.; edited by Charles Gore, M.A. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 184. Open Court Pub'g Co. $1.25.

Rays of Light from All Lands: The Bibles and Beliefs of Mankind. Edited by Rev. E. C. Towne, B.A., and others. Illus., 8vo, pp. 866. New York: Gay Bros. & Co. $2.75.

A Child of Nature: Studies of the Outward as Related to the Inward Life. By Marion D. Shutter, D.D. 18mo, pp. 111. Boston: James H. West. $1.

The Christian State: A Political Vision of Christ. By George D. Herron. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 216. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 75 cents.

Matter, Force, and Spirit; or, Scientific Evidence of a Supreme Intelligence. 12mo, pp. 144. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.

Story of the Life of Jesus for the Young; Told from an Ethical Standpoint. By W. L. Sheldon. 16mo, pp. 148. Philadelphia: S. Burns Weston. 50 cts.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

The Physiology of Plants: A Popular Treatise for the Use of Gardeners, Students of Horticulture, etc. By Dr. Paul Sorauer; trans. by F. E. Weiss, B.Sc. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 256. Longmans, Green, & Co. $3.

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Guernsey: Its People and Dialect. By Edwin Seelye Lewis. 8vo, uncut, pp. 83. Modern Language Ass'n.

The Story of the Stars, Simply Told for General Readers. By George F. Chambers, F.R.S.A. Illus., 24mo, pp. 160. D. Appleton & Co. 30 cts.

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